LITERARY CABINET,

AND WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH.

THOMAS GREGG, Editor. 'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER—IS WEALTH—IS HONOR.' H. J. HOWARD, Printer.

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BOOK OF NATURE.

EARTHQUAKES.—VOLCANOES.

Elevation of Mountains by Earthquakes.—By the agency of these subterranean commotions mountains have been suddenly produced. In South America is a mountain 1600 feet high which was thus instantaneously raised in the midst of an extensive plain, more than a hundred miles from any pre-existing volcano. In the same year, 1759, a tract of land, three or four miles square, was suddenly elevated near the same spot. On this elevated surface many fissures were left, which emit a degree of heat nearly sufficient for the boiling of water. Subterranean murmurings are often observed at the place, resembling water in a state of ebullition, by which the noise is supposed to be produced. In 1755, after the destruction of Lisbon, a tract of land in Mexico, more than twelve miles in extent, rose up to the height of five hundred feet, and several new mountains were formed.

Remarkable Effects of Earthquakes on Springs, Lakes, &c.—The extent to which earthquakes produce sensible effects on the waters of springs and lakes, is truly remarkable. During the catastrophe of Lisbon, in 1755, almost all the springs and lakes in Britain and every part of the European continent, were violently agitated, many of them throwing up mud and sand, and emitting a fetid odor. On the morning of that fatal day, the hot springs of Bohemia suddenly ceased to flow for a minute, and then burst forth with prodigious violence, ejecting turbid water, the temperature of which was higher than before, and has so remained ever since. The water of the hot wells at Bristol, in England, was colored red, and rendered unfit for use for several months afterwards. Even the distant waters of Lake Ontario were sensibly agitated at the same time. The bed of the Atlantic was in several places raised above the ocean, emitting vapor and flame. The destruction of the capital of Portugal was thus announced over nearly one-fourth of the surface of the Globe. The burning mountains of Europe, Asia, and South America, were soon after awakened into activity. Etna, which had slept for eighty years, broke forth with redoubled fury, and some of the most tremendous earthquakes and volcanoes recorded in history were witnessed in Mexico.

Extensive Ravages of Ancient Earthquakes.—There are instances of the almost universal diffusion of these awful visitations, within a short period of one another. In the fourth and fifth centuries, some of the most civilized parts of the world were thus desolated. Thrace, Asia Minor, and Syria, suffered most severely. In 447, subterranean thunders were heard from the Black to the Red sea, and the earth in that section was convulsed with little intermission, for the space of six months. In many places the air seemed to be on fire. Towns and large tracts of country were swallowed up in Syria. The city of Antioch was demolished, and 250,000 persons were crushed in its ruins. A raging fire covered the ground on which it was built, and spread over a surface of fourteen hundred square miles.

Earthquake of Sumbawa, in the Molucca Islands.—The most extraordinary volcanic eruption recorded in history, for the extent of its immediate effects, took place in Sumbawa, in April, 1815. In Java, according to the narrative of Raffles, it seemed to be awfully present, though at the distance of 300 miles. The sky was overcast at noonday with clouds of ashes, which obscured the sun, and covered the houses, the streets, and the fields, to the depth of several inches. Amidst all this midnight darkness, explosions occurred at intervals, resembling the report of artillery, or the noise of distant thunder; so fully did the resemblance of the noises to the report of cannon impress the minds of some officers, that, from an apprehension of Pirates on the coast, vessels were despatched to afford relief. Superstition, on the other hand, was busily at work among the natives, who attributed the reports to the artilllery of the prince of darkness. From Sumbawa to the port of Sumatra, where the sound was perceived, is about 970 miles. The distance to which the cloud of ashes was carried, so as to produce total darkness, was more than 300 miles.

Volcanoes originate at great Depths.—It is proved by the preceding facts, that a connexion exists between distant volcanoes, and that the source of volcanic fire is situated deeply beneath the surface of the earth. Were it not so, the ground in their vicinity would sink down in consequence of the immense quantity of matter taken from beneath and ejected at the crater. Volcanic mountains and their craters, are to be regarded as mere spiracles or chimneys, to give vent to the vapor and other substances formed deeply in the interior of the earth. This view also accords with the fact that the agitation of the earth subsides to a greater or less degree, as soon as the flame and lava burst forth at the crater.

Mode in which the commotion of earthquakes is propagated.—Some naturalists have advanced the opinion that the distance to which the shocks and other volcanic operations are communicated, is by the medium of a cavernous condition of the earth's structure. But we have no satisfactory evidence that caverns are so numerous and of such vast magnitude as to occasion the phenomena in question. The most probable cause refers to the peculiar arrangement of those strata of rock which receive the primary impression of the shock. Thus the strata which compose the walls of the subterranean furnace may pass far beneath the surface of the contiguous country, and approach the surface in a distant region. In this case the more remote place will be more sensible to the commotion of the earthquake than other places much nearer to it. The agitation of the waters of Lake Ontario by the earthquake of Lisbon, and other analogous facts previously narrated, are thus explained. A very simple illustration of this view may be exhibited by placing a watch against one end of a brush-handle, or a walking cane, while the ear is applied to the other end; the ticking of the watch will be very audible. If a pile of books be placed on the rod near the watch, the ear cannot detect any sound when applied to the books, though five or six times nearer the watch than before. Thus mountainous countries, the surface of which presents the elevated edges of those strata which repose deeply beneath the adjacent territory, are particularly sensible to volcanic concussions.

Effect of earthquakes on mines.—On the same principle do we account for the fact,

that, during the earthquake which demolished Lisbon, the miners in Derbyshire, England, felt the rocks move, and plainly distinguished noises scarcely audible to those above. Humbolt says he has seen workmen hasten from the mines of Saxony, alarmed by the agitation of t' e earth which was scarcely perceptible on the surface.

Cause of warm springs.—Warm and boiling springs must be considered dependent on subterranean fire and classed with volcanic phenomena. Who can deny this cause of the Geysers, or boiling springs of Iceland, which throw up at intervals large columns of boiling water, to the height of seventy or eighty feet? The Azores, so remarkable for their volcanoes, are also noted for their boiling springs. Indeed, wherever we meet with the former, we shall pretty certainly find the latter phenomena.

Recent earthquakes in Virginia.—On the 27th of August 1833, the shock of an earthquake was felt in Virginia and Maryland, which was so great as to terrify the workmen in a coal mine in the former state, two of whom were accidentally killed inat tempting to escape from the mine. We possess no account of any destructive earthquake in the United States. Probably this occurrence was contemporaneous with a volcanic eruption in South America or elsewhere. In Virginia it is known, there are several warm springs, a fact which tends to confirm the observations made in the preceding paragraph.

Quantities of lava ejected by volcacoes.—The quantity of lava poured from Etna in the single eruption of 1660, was estimated as sufficient to form a mountain twenty times as large as Etna itself. A fewyears afterwards the same mountain covered with a fresh current of lava eighty-four square miles of country, and again in 1775, the same volcano emitted another stream twelve miles in length, and a mile and half in width, and two hundred feet deep. The largest known current of modern lava was formed by a volcano of Iceland, in 1783; it reached the length of sixty miles, with twelve miles of breadth. Sand and ashes are also thrown out copiously. A space of 150 miles in circuit was thus covered to the depth of twelve feet by one of the eruptions of Etna.

Destruction of Pompeii and Herculancum. Vesuvius is one of the most celebrated recent volcanoes. The entombed cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum are monuments of one of its earliest operations. Those famous cities were erected on the fertile volcanic valley that surrounded Vesuvius, Pompeii, five miles southeast of the true mountain, and Herculaneum just at its western foot. They were both erected on a foundation a lava, indicating the former activity of the volcano. Nearly two thousand years, ago these opulent cities the seats of pomp and luxury, of refinement and the arts, were all at once overwhelmed and buried in an ocean of liquid fire, and their princely palaces and proud columns, their smiling fields and fruitful vineyards, were imbedded in the rocky mass, destined to hand down to posterity a melancholy history of their awful doom. Pompeii is now about ten feet below the actual surface, and Herculaneum not less than a hundred. Some of the cinders covering the former place, are eight pounds in weight; a circumstance which affords some idea of the prodigious vellocity with which bodies were precipitated from the raging crater.

Subsequent eruptions of Vesuvius.—Soon after this eruption, the whole surface of Vesuvius was in cultivation, and groves of lofty chesnuts occupied the crater. But again did the restless mountain pour forth its fires, fraught with death to all that lived around; and again, when a truce was gained, did venturesome man dare the tenure of its fertile soil, heedless of the almost certain prospect of a horrible death. The last eruption of this fatal volcano was in 1832, an immense cloud of ashes overhung the mountain and settled upon the surrounding country, falling at the distance of a hundred miles. Huge masses of rock were projected forth, more than a hundred feet in circumference; while a stream of lava issued forth, a mile wide and twelve feet deep. It was just after the eruption that a young French officer, in search of a remedy for ennui plunged headlong into the furnace of the crater. The current of lava formed at that time, though sufficiently solid and cool to admit of persons walking over it, retained so much heat two or three years ago, as to set fire to a stick thrust into it.

Source of volcanic fire.—Some of the older naturalists ascribed these phenomena to the combustion of certain inflammable substances, capable of taking fire spontaneously; as for instance, a mixture of sulphur and iron. Others attributed them to the burning of sulpher, and some in more recent times, among whom was the celebrated Werner, to the combustion of subterranean beds of coal. But what supply of coal, of bitumen, or of sulphur, could sustain the immense fires of Vesuvius, or Etna, or the Andes, or of never resting Stromboli? In this, as in many other cases, we are forced to confess our ignorance of the true cause. It is evident that water has much to do with volcanic operations, as nearly all known active volcanoes are near large collections of water. The illustrious Davy supposed them to originate from the contact of water with the metalic bases, of which he considered the central portion of the earth to be constructed.—*Advocate of Science.*

SCIENCE AND ART.

HISTORY OF THE ART OF PRINTING

CONTINUED.

Previous to the invention of printing, all books were written in manuscript.

The business of the scribes was one of immense extent; and readiness and exactness were only acquired by those, who were trained to it, as a profession. So far from its being the fact, as is commonly supposed, that the exactness of the arrangements of the chapters, paragraphs, and artificial divisions of books had its origin in the improvement of printing, that art affected to imitate, in the minutest particulars, the forms and appearance of books from the hands of the scribes. Printers long kept their art a secret, that the books might be sold at the price of manuscript books. To continue the deception, the books were for a long time composed of parchment, like that used for manuscript.

The ink of the ancient manuscripts, the palimpsests, seems to have been something of the nature of charcoal, of lamp black, possessing the property of much more durability, than ink of galls, and sulphate of iron; but with the appended disadvantage of being easily discharged. Many of the remains of the ancient Greek and Roman authors would have come down to us but for this circumstance. The manuscripts were used in the middle age by monks and scribes, after having discharged the ancient writings, as manuscripts to be rewritten with monkish legends, and lives of saints. Some of the original writings have been restored by discharging the monkish writings, and retracing the original characters.

The scribe began by preparing his parchment with a wide and handsome margin, which together with the spaces for pages, paragraphs, columns and lines, was marked off with a square with great exactness. Each page was written with two columns, marked off by drawing a line between them, and with wide spaces between the lines. Capitals and particular words were emblazoned, by being written in letters of gold, or inks of brilliant and beautiful colors, strongly contrasting with the deep black of the body of the writing. The character, for a great number of centuries, was the Gothic black letter. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the manuscript of some favorite books in the libraries of opulent men, who affected to be choice in the books.—Those, who have not seen some of of the more beautiful of these manuscripts, can form no idea of the beauty, illumination, emblazoning and ornament of these laborious products. It may be doubted, if the most splendid efforts of the modern press could compete with some of them in point of beauty.

Under these circumstances, we may easily judge of the scarcity of books in the dark ages. Only a few princes, rich ecclesiastical establishments, or individuali of opulent fortunes, could afford to possess them at all. A complete bible, fairly written and emblazoned, would then have cost what would now be a competent fortune. In the ninth century, Albert, abbot of Gemblours, who was supposed to possess one of the most splendid libraries of the age, numbered a hundred and fifty volumes. Before the year 1300, the library of Oxford consisted of a few tracts, which, on account of their value, were kept chained in chests. At the commencement of the fourteenth century, there were four classics, Cicero, Ovid, Lucan and Bœthius, in the royal library of Paris, which, with books of devotion, constituted the whole establishment.

These facts are sufficient to establish the importance of the art of printing, which, find-

ing books the expensive and almost unpurchasable luxuries of the rich, rendered them at once accessible to men of common fortunes, broadening their diffusion, until they became the air and water—the common heritage—of the whole reading community. But for this invention, monkish legends might still have been the favorite and prevalent reading of the day. But for this invention, the greater wealth, learning and power of the Catholic church would have enabled it, in human probability, forever to have stifled the reformation. But for this, the ancient Aristotelian philosophy would have been the system of the ascendant, and Newton would have had to recant his theory of the universe, as Galileo was compelled to do before him.

The art of printing brought in its train light, liberty, and free and full permission, and even encouragement to investigate and decide according to conviction. On its banner were mourning and lamentation, and wo to bigotry and tyranny, and every effort to intimidate and enslave the free born mind. In fact, we are compelled to place this grand invention at the head of all, that have ever been made in our world, as being not only of prodigious importance, as an unconnected discovery; but as enveloping the germ and bud of all subsequent discoveries. Without it, even the grand invention of alphabetic letters would have been, so to speak, an esoteric secret, of little use to the million, and without essential bearing upon the general diffusion of science.

The origin of even this discovery can hardly be claimed by Europe. The Chinese contend, that the art of printing was known, and practised by them at a period antecedent to our era. We have sufficiently authentic records to prove, that printing was in use in China in the sixth century. Sir George Staunton, whose means of information were most ample, informs us, that it was probably practised at a very early period of the empire. The following is their mode of printing.—They first write, or draw a fair copy of the work to be printed. It is then given to the engraver, or more properly the carver, who glues the leaves of the manuscript upon a hard board, on which he retraces with a suitable instrument, the strokes of the writing, carves the characters in relief, and cuts down the intermediate parts of the wood. The beauty of the work depends, of course, on the person, who writes the copy. The adroitness of the carver is such, that he copies every stroke exactly, and the work is so neatly executed, that it is difficult to distinguish a printed from a written book. The board, thus engraved, contains characters for two pages.—The printer then fixes it in a level position.—Being provided with a hard and soft brush, he dips the hard one into the ink, and lays on the carved board enough to answer for four or five impressions, not inking for every impression, as we do. He then lays on the paper, and with the softer brush, he presses the paper on the board, by gently drawing the brush over it, a little increasing the pressure of his brush at each new impression, until all the ink is taken up by the different impressions. In this way, one man is able to throw off several thousand copies in a day. Their ink is prepared with great care, and every thing that relates to the finishing and binding is completed with the singular ingenuity, strength and gaudiness, that belong to all their manual operations. The great impediment to the extensive utility of the art is found in the prodigious number of their characters, the whole number amounting to 120,000.

Admitting that printing was practised by other oriental nations, as the Japanese and Hindoos, from time immemorial, the immovably stationary condition of science, and all intellectual improvement in those countries prove, that the art, to be followed by its full results, must be practised by a people in all respects fitted to give it scope, and derive from it its natural fruits. The invention of printing, therefore, in Europe, in the fifteenth century, as to all its practical results upon the improvement and happiness of mankind ought to be considered a simple, original and unborrowed invention, the rather as there is no reason to believe, that it was copied from any other people, or derived from any knowledge that it had been practised elsewhere.

Great disputes have arisen, touching the place where, and the person by whom, the discovery was made. As many cities have contested the honor of having given the invention birth, as claimed to have been the birth place of Homer. Didymus has compiled hundreds of volumes, to settle the question, and has left it almost in the same uncertainty in which he found it. The following facts seemed as well established, as such points are capable of being settled; that Harlæm in Holland, and Mentz and Strasburg in Germany, each claim to have given birth to the art of printing; that Laurentius Koster, a respectable citizen of Harlæm, in the service of the Dutch government, invented and performed the first European printing, at a period somewhere between 1422 and 1436; that he used wooden blocks, on which the letters were carved; that he used vellum, printing it only on one side, doubling, and basting the leaves together, that they might show a printed page on each side. After printing a number of small works in this way, he advanced to the invention of seperate wooden types, but never attemped to cut or cast types in metal. He followed the business untill his death; and it was afterwards continued in his family.

Among his workmen were two brothers of the name of Geinsfleiche, the younger of whom was distinguished by the name of Guttemburg. The elder Geinsfleiche, with a fellow workmen, as acccomplice, about the time of the death of his master, stole a quantity of his master's types and apparatus, and absconded to Mentz, where about 1440, he commenced printing with his stolen types. Hence the claims of that city to be the birth place of printing.

Guttemberg, the younger carried the same art to Strasburg, and made various fruitless efforts to improve it, by substituting metal for wooden types. Some time about 1444, he left Strasburg and joined his brother at Mentz After trials of several years, they succeeded in forming a font of metal types with cut faces. In 1450, a part of the Bible appeared from the press, printed with these types; and this was the first European printing on metal types.

An igenious workmen of theirs, Shœffer completed the invention of metallic types, by casting them with faces. John Faust, to whom the original invention has been commonly attributed, had been a partner of the elder Geinsfleiche, and was a man of great wealth and importance. Shœffer showed him his invention of types completely cast. Delighted with it, and foreseeing the consequences, he gave Shœffer his only daughter in marriage. It was not until after repeated trials, that they brought their type metal to a right degree of consistency. The first book printed with the improved types, was a work entitled *Durandi rationale*, in 1459. In 1462, the firm printed a complete edition of the Bible, a most expensive work; and in 1465, Tully's offices; and in a short time various works issued from their press.

To be continued.

Singular habits and means of defence of Sea Animals.—The Ocean is full of its countless millions, all miracles in their way, and according to their kind. Examine the torpedoes and electric eels, which, though in appearance abandoned in defencelessness, are in fact armed with a galvanic pile, and deliver themselves from their voracious enemies by palsying them with a thunderstroke. Whole shoals of fish spring out of the water and sustain themselves in the air, to avoid the pursuit of the gilt-head. The swift argonauts embark their elegant shells upon the waves, and sail in little fleets over the solitudes of the ocean. When they divine the approach of a storm, they submerge themselves to the bottom of the sea, and reappear only on the return of fine weather. The cuttle fish, when pursued emits a black ink, which forms a dense cloud in the water, in which it hides itself and escapes in obscurity. The doripes has received two paws longer than the other two, which it reaches up to sustain two sponges on its head. Concealed between them, it sinks unharmed to the bottom of the sea; where the hermit fish seats itself in an empty shell like Diogenes in his tub; and the little crabs squat themselves in their bivale shells, and, tenants in common with the blind mollusca, stand in advance to warn the others of their danger.—*Flint's Lectures.*

Fossil Remains.—The bones of a large animal—probably the mammoth—have been discovered near the river Don, in Upper Canada. They were embedded six feet deep in clay. The weight of a single tooth is 3¼ pounds.

Important discovery in Science.—We understand that Mr. Saxton, who first produced the electric spark from a magnet, and thus proved the great affinity, if not the identity, of electricity and magnetism, has just had his labors crowned with another brilliant discovery—the decomposition of water by magnetism.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

For the Literary Cabinet and Olive Branch.

THE LAST FLOWER OF SUMMER.

Frail blossom, how faded!
Though with sweetness still laded,
Thou bowest thy head to the storm.
Bleak Autumn's chill breath,
Has whispered thee death,
And withered thy beauty of form.

Under Flora's short reign,
With no care to constrain,
Thy perfections seemed almost divine;
But, alas! gentle flower,
No longer the bower
Can boast of attractions like thine.

If from cares of the day,
Oft at evening we stray,
To mourn o'er thy loveliness fled,
We sigh for a spirit,
That form to inherit,
That ne'er would be mourn'd as the dead.

But when Spring blooms again,
Other flowrets will reign,
Which like thee will wither and die;
And no rich sculptur'd tomb,
Will tell of their doom,
Or where their few fragments may lie.

ZENORA.

For the Literary Cabinet and Olive Branch.

THE REVENGE.

A FRAGMENT.

For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human pow'r,
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

The last leaf of autumn was whirling in the gale which piped its mournful song through the interminable wilderness; the summer birds had sung their farewell song, and all the works of nature seemed as if they were descending to the tomb without a chorister to sing their farewell anthem. Such was the character of the fall of '81, on that part of the banks of the wild and picturesque Ohio, now known by the name of Ohio & Brooke counties in Virginia. There Art has since erected the sumptuous dwelling-place—there Luxury now sits down to the feast of the Epicure, and Science throws its charms around and hallows the foibles and petty pursuits of man. The face of the country may be changed, but a spirit will linger around the land, and in the silent whispers of the evening, or in the deeper tones of the midnight, when fancy leads us to the ruined and decayed fort or to the slaughter-place of some adventurous household, will speak to us of the olden time—will tell us tales as morally wild and picturesque as the mountains of our land, and as holy and consecrated as the graves of our fathers. That spirit now whispers me the tale of one, "the last sole scion of a thousand sires."

It was in the fall of '81, and such an one as we have above described, that on the banks of the uncultivated Ohio, a father and son were seen bending over a grave on which the green grass had not yet put forth, nor the wild flower bloomed. They had been standing in that position for some time, the son unwilling to commence a conversation which he knew must at last be mournful, and the father was silent from what he concieved to be the importance of the subject he was about to introduce to his son. The father commenced the conversation in a mournful tone, which in that lone and desert place, seemed as if the world had expired, and they alone were left to mourn earth's desolation.

"We are alone, & ere long, you will still be more lonely. Your mother has gone to her final resting place, but not with the nobles of her land. Be not surprised—to day I recal to you the long list of your noble sires, for behold in me and in yourself the only vestige, of the lost house of Clare—exiles from Ireland and from home. I have but a few hours to live and if you survive me let it be only to *avenge me*."

"Father you have taught me, and my departed mother enjoined it upon me, to use charity to all mankind; but I may guess your tale and I swear." Passion became too strong for language; he clenched his fist, stood erect, and his eye which before had been mild and pensive, now quivered in its socket, and was turned full upon his father, as if waiting from him the command to do some deed, the commission of which fate and circumstance had imposed upon him. The father looked upon the son and spoke:

"My son be calm until this one lesson is learned, all others will be vain. Know that you have to contend with a villian who suspects every one else, and adn it no one to the secrets of his heart, but is constantly employed in divining the thoughts of others. Learn to be calm when you hear the traitor revile the friend he has betrayed; the seducer the unsuspecting female, he has destroyed; the son of his friend brought to the gallows by his instrumentality, and that friend an exile where the savage is his nearest neighbour and the guant wolf howls around his dwelling." "The Father percieved that the fiercest passions were swelling in the breast of his son, approached him & laying his hand upon him, and raising his voice, continued, "Be calm—be calm! learn this, and then learn to strike the stroke which needs not be struck again."

"Father, it is a stern lesson, but it will soon be learned."

"Charles prepare to leave me to-morrow."

"To-morrow," interrupted Charles, "and leave you alone?"

Yes, to-morrow; why wait with me when vengeance calls you far away? But before we leave this holy spot, plant the wild rose bush at the foot of your mother's grave; but ere it puts forth its tender leaves in the spring, I shall be in the airy halls of my fathers." There the old man's eye assumed that wild and restless gaze, indicative of the mind's sternest conflict with itself, whilst he continued his discourse, as much soliloquizing, as addressing his son, who had just performed the rites commanded by his parent, "Yes, ere the leaf shall bud I will be gone; I shall have laid me down to slumber in an unhonored grave, but thou must stay behind till thou hast accomplished what I have commanded and will command, then thou mayest come or linger, if thou wilt, in a world where all will be cold and desolate. When thou leavest me be quick as the lightning, desolating as the tempest, and pitiless as the villian, who has driven thee from the heritage of thy honors, who has blasted the innocence of our house, and erased thy father's name from the proud list of England's Lords. Be all this, Charles, and that thou wilt be so kneel, kneel and swear upon your Mother's grave."

Charles knelt down and pressed his father's hand and in a voice which bespoke a fixed determination said:—"Father, I swear."

They then left the melancholy place, but in leaving it both looked upon that tumulus of earth which concealed from their view all that they conceived the best and dearest of life, and if they wept it was a tribute to a fond, faithful, and heart-broken wife, and a tender, careful, and instructive mother. During the short walk to their rude habitation neither of them spoke. Charles was thoughtful & melancholy; he had then only learned that he, who dwelt in the wilderness and in the cabin was descended from a noble household, that his birthright had been wrested from him by one whom he must ever after consider his deadly enemy, whether they met in the battle-field, or at the altar of Communion—an enemy with whom no circumstances might afford conciliation—for whom no fireside, no temple, and no altar, should insure security. They drew near the dwelling which consisted of two apartments, the interior of which afforded more comfort than the exterior appearance promised,—they both hesitated at the door;—the fire had gone out, and their homestead was cheerless, and lonely, and desolate; she who had made it a happy home was no longer to cheer the despondency of her husband or wake the glad song of her son, when he returned from the mountain chase. The father entered first, and after Charles had entered, he thus resumed the coversation.

"Charles, I have seen you join the chase of the roe-buck and outspeed the swift Indian; I have seen you throw the tawny savage in the wrestling match; and I have watched over your mind and seen its maturing powers—you may have use for them all before you accomplish your mission. Recollect, to-morrow you depart, and here, here is gold which to us has been useless—to-morrow you hasten away, but here, see here, my boy, the emblems of our once noble house." And unlocking a large and antique chest, he displayed to the wondering Charles the insignia of Clare's departed splendor. After they had gazed upon them for some time the old man exclaimed:—

"They are dust; worse than dust, but can the hooded eagle forget his sunward flight; the caged lion forget his power in the desert, or man, can man forget—my son, dost thou still swear to avenge me, if not age, palsied and withered age, will yet dare do that from which youth and imbecility would shrink."

"Dost thou suspect me Father?"

The storm of feeling had subsided, and the elder Clare stood nerveless, every muscle was relaxed, and every fibre shrunk and flaccid. It was only for a moment. He could not reflect without calling to mind some injury received, or some revenge anticipated, like one in the place of

graves who may not turn his "aimless eye," on either side without beholding some wreck of former happiness. Reflection only brought excitement, and thus the Earl of Clare replied to the laconic answer of his son.

"Charles, age has its infirmities but youth has its temptations. Remember, then, and be swerved by no feeling—bribed by no favors. Hunt him as the wolf hunts the lamb, as Death pursues his victim. Be with him at every step and dash the cup from his thirsting lip; and should the hour of his raving come be there to mock him, in the delirium of his soul—Be there, and whisper in his ear, my name, and when he calls for mercy, then, then strike.—To night all things will be prepared for your departure and to-morrow away, away."

The rapidity with which the human mind changes from one extreme to the other is equally strange and unaccountable. The next evening saw Charles on his way to the Atlantic border, musing on revenge and revolving the purposes of his deadly mission in his mind, with as little compunction as if his whole life had been familiar with the stiletto of the assassin. Yes, the calm and pensive Charles, he who had wept at the tales of his Mother, without knowing that they formed the history of her own misfortunes, he who was content with the inglorious life of the wilderness, in procuring for his aged parents a subsistence from the forest, was now leaving his father, infirm and alone, and hastening to a foreign land on a mission of deadliest revenge. He had heard his mother speak of halls and palaces, of stars and garters, and all the glories of feudal Lords, but the tales passed over his heart like a gentle breeze over a summer lake, slightly varying the monotony of his existence. But now, when he learned that the star ought to have glittered on his own breast, that rank and ancestry were his by birthright, and when he believed himself the *wronged* and rightful

——— ——— "Lord of Halls,
"Which daily feast a thousand vassals,"

his step became more firm and his hand stole instinctively to the hilt of his dagger. Charles pursued his way through the trackless wilderness, uninterrupted by any casualty, and in a few weeks was mixing with the throng of citizens and foreigners who crowded the city of Philadelphia, where he intended to have remained some time to accustom himself to the usages of polished society, with which he was only conversant in the tales of his departed mother. But a few days sufficed to make him discontented with the 'great city;' when every wave that broke on the shore spoke a language which seemed familiar to his soul, calling him to Ireland; and revenge, and every billow that rolled towards him seemed to his imagination "like a horse that knew his rider." In a few days he was upon the world of waters, through which the gallant vessel was bearing him to his father-land, where he shortly arrived after a speedy and favorable voyage, to gaze upon the halls of his sire, and to reclaim the splendor of their house hold, or leave it a blackening and desolated ruin, as a testimony that his oath had not been taken in vain, and a fearful monument of his revenge.

* * * * * *

It was midnight:—a struggle was heard on the precipice which overhangs the Fallwater back of the old mansion of the Clares—a curse—a desperate effort, and in a second a heavy splash arose from the deep still water, which was followed by a long, wild, fiend-like laugh. The laugh came again, but it was mixed with the sorrow of a maddened, mind:—Clare is as lonely as forsaken Babylon, and as desolate as the ruins of her pride. The ivy is creeping over its ruined beauty, and time has written "Desolation" on its granite walls.

For the Literary Cabinet and Olive Branch.

THE IMPORTANCE AND PLEASURE OF ENLARGING OUR KNOWLEDGE.

There is nothing which engages the mind of man, of more real importance than the enlargement of his knowledge. It is his knowledge, in a great measure, which raises him above the grade of other animals, and forms his true dignity and happiness. It is it which makes him a useful member and an ornament of society. By enlarging it, he enriches, illuminates, strengthens, and enlarges his mind; he increases his dignity, usefulness, and happiness, and lays up that in his mind which will afford purer, higher, and more lasting pleasures, than are ever tasted by the uninformed.

Knowledge, however, is not to be acquired without labor—yet the labor of acquiring it itself is pleasure. In ascending the Hill of Science, the student is continually entertained and delighted with something new and interesting. His mind is so agreeably entertained with the beauties around and the prospects before him, that he scarcely notices the labor of ascending. And if by a steady advance, he becomes weary, with what pleasure he can loiter amidst the rich profusion of beauties around him, or look back on the scenes through which he has passed, of which, now as he is above them, he can have a more conspicuous and pleasing view!

But when he has ascended to the summit, how delightful—how elevated is his situation! What a rich and entertaining prospect is spread arouud him! What exquisite pleasure he can have from musing on the order, beauty, and grandeur of Nature's works! Many wonders and beauties of nature are laid open to his view, which are concealed by ignorance from the eyes of the vulgar. Many things contribute to his pleasure, which are unknown and unnoticed by the uninformed. There can be no bounds set to the wanderings of his mind. As quick as the twinkling of a star it can soar aloft to it. In a moment it can take its flight and rest on Saturn's Ring. What exalted pleasure he can receive from a contemplation of the heavenly bodies which roll around his head!—And the pleasure he receives is almost entirely owing to the knowledge which he has of them—for though they may please the gaze of the vulgar by their twinkling splendor, yet they are to them but a confused and unprofitable view. They believe them to be as they seem to the sense of sight, small spangles confusedly spread over the ethereal blue. But to him they appear a wonderful and grand display of Creative power. He not only views the scene with pleasure, but is filled with awe by contemplating its beauty, harmony, and grandeur.

Elevated to such an eminence, how commanding and extensive is his prospect! His mind can travel with pleasure through the cultivated fields of science, and muse with delight over the beauties there offered to his view. He can look abroad through the world upon the various interesting events which are taking place among the different nations. He can look back into remote ages, and see the state of the human race, before it had made much advancement in useful knowledge. He can view it at the present time, when it has made such great progress in science, and see its superior happiness and dignity. He can trace with pleasure the progress of literature—see many a solitary place made glad and the human race exalted by its happy influence. The advantages of his elevated situation are innumerable. The sources of his pleasure are almost as numerous as the objects with which he is surrounded; for there is scarcely any thing which does not contribute something to his pleasure.

How pleasing, then, and important it is to enlarge our knowledge—to ascend with steady steps the Hill of Science! Yet how few pay that attention to it which they should—How many spend their time idly, or in useless amusements, which please but for the present, when they might employ it in enriching their minds with knowledge which would afford lasting pleasure and utility.

A Lover of Science.

For the Literary Cabinet and Olive Branch.

AURORA-BOREALIS.

Mr. Editor:—As your paper is in part devoted to the Sciences, I will take the liberty of calling your attention, and that of your readers, to the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Light, which is so frequently seen to illuminate the northern part of the firmament.

As the season of the year is approaching, when these illuminations are most frequent, and the minds of the people will perhaps be turned to the subject, I would esteem it a favor if you or some of your correspondents would furnish an essay on the subject, in a future number. Enquirer.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

Chapter on Hats.

"Your bonnet to its right use; 'tis for the head."

There are no people so ingenious at expedients as the Yankes. It would never enter the heads of persons out of New-England to use their *hats* for any other purpose than as a covering for their heads. In other parts of the Globe when a man bows gracefully to a friend *he takes off his hat.*—Such a custom cannot be adopted here—for a man's hat is his pocket book, his satchel, his pantry, his clothe bag, his tool chest, or his sugar box, as occasion may require; and if he should take off his h t in a hurry, awkward consequences must needs ensue. We once knew a young gentleman having purchased a dozen of eggs for his mother, forthwith *popped them into his hat*. On his way home, he met a pretty girl, with whose charms he had long been smitten, and wishing to be particularly polite, he took off his *hat* preparatory to making a low bow.—The twelve eggs, obeyed the laws of gravitation, of course were precipitated to the pavement and instantly smashed to atoms, and the beautiful white garments of the astonished girl were besmattered with the filthy yolks? She never forgave him.

How often during a windy day do we see a *hatless* wight chasing a cloud of papers, which have made their escape, and are borne away on the wings of the wind. A clergyman lately, who had been recently settled in a flourishing village, was want to cross a small stream on a bridge, which lay between his domicile and the meeting-house. One memorable day as he was crossing the bridge, when the rude Boreas was raging, his hat was blown from his head, and quietly deposited in the stream—but his written discourse being somewhat *lighter* than the hat in which it was of course deposited, was carried somewhat further and was never heard of more.

It has been remarked by foreigners that the natives of New-England are round-shouldered. This is undoubtedly owing to the enormous weight which they carry on their heads! A lawyer is seldom seen with a green bag in his hand—his legal documents, and sometimes his law books are deposited in his hat; a physician's hat is not unfrequently an Apothecary's shop in miniature; a merchants hat is crammed with merchandize; and a stage-driver's hat is stuffed with bundles and packages. A person about to take a short journey seldom burthens himself with a trunk b t takes a change of apparel *in his hat*. A late member of the Massachusetts Legislature, who represented a town not more than twenty miles from Boston, always carried his dinner to the State House *in his hat;* and we have seldom seen the hat of an editor which was not stuffed with damp newspapers, stolen paragraphs and unanswered duns! Hence editors are *always* round shouldered. The change which has lately been effected in the shape of the hat has been loudly complained of, as its reduced dimensions puts the wearer to so much inconvenience. A hat of the most approved modern style, will contain little else than a pocket handkerchief, a pair of gloves and a few cigars. But we hope this change in fashion will produce a corresponding change in the *perpendicularity* of certain individuals; and that those persons who hang down their heads while wearing a bell-crowned hat will soon strut about as stiff and upright as a platoon of well-drilled soldiers.

MEN OF GENIUS DEFICIENT IN CONVERSATION.

The student who may perhaps, shine a luminary of learning and of genius, in the pages of his volume is found, not rarely, to lie obscured beneath a heavy cloud in colloquial discourse.

If you love the man of letters, seek him in the privacies of his study. It is in the hour of confidence and tranquility his genius shall elicit a ray of intelligence, more fervid than the labours of polished composition.

The great Peter Cornelei, whose genius resembled that of our Shakspeare, and who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the hero, had nothing in his exterior that indicated his genius; on the contrary, his conversation was so insipid, that it never failed o, wearying. Nature who had lavished on him the gifts of genius, had forgotten to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even *speak* correctly that language of which he was such a master.

When his friends represented to him how much more he might please by not disdaining to correct these trivial errors, he would smile and say—"*I am not the less Peter Corneille!*" Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company; and Thomas describes his mind by saying, that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, but not in current coins; or as Addison expressed the same idea, by comparing himself to a banker, who possessed the wealth of his friends at home, though he carried none of it in his pocket; or as that judicial moralist Nicole, one of the Port Royal society, who said of a scintillant wit—"He conquers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase." Such may say with Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute, —"I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city.

The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are well known. He preserved a rigid silence amongst strangers; but if he was silent, it was the silence of meditation. How often, at that moment, he labored at some future spectator!

Mediocrity can *talk;* but it is for genius to *observe.*

The cynical Mandeville compared Addison after having passed an evening in his company, to 'a select parson in a tie-wig.' It is no shame for an Addison to receive the censures of a Mandeville: he has only to blush when he calls down those of a Pope.

La Fontain, says La Bruyere, appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen; but when he wrote he was the model of poetry.

It is very easy, said a humorous observer on La Fontain, to be a man of wit, or a fool; but to be both, and that too in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him. This observation applies to that fine natural genius, Goldsmith. Chaucer was more facetious in his tales than in his conversation, and the Countess of Pembroke used to rally him by saying that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation.

Isocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, was of so timid a disposition that he never ventured to speak in public. He compared himself to the whetstone which will not cut, but enables other things to do this; for his productions served as models to other orators. Vanchauson was said to be as much a machine as any he had made.

Dryden says to himself;—"My conversation is slow and dull, my humor saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavor to break jests in company, or make repartees."—*Curiosities of Literature.*

EGYPT.

Great projects of Mehemet Ali for its further improvement—The prospect of a speedy conclusion of peace gives the Viceroy great pleasure, and his active mind is already forming numerous plans for the improvement of his extensive and rich possessions. First he means to increase his Navy, and raise the number of his ships of the line to 20; then he will make a good road from Alexandria to Cairo, and a canal from the Suez to the Nile; he will remove his manufactories to Syria, and in Egypt only encourage agriculture. He will join the Grontes, which flows out into the Mediterranean, with the Euphrates, which falls into the Persian Gulph, and drain the marshes of Alexandrietta. In the Island of Crete, he means to make the city of Candia a free port and depot for the trade of Syria, and to erect at Jude an arsenal for his large ships. All those who are acquainted with him know how persevering he is in the execution of his plans, however gigantic they may be, and only his advanced age, will hinder him from realizing the above projects. It seems that he intends, when peace is finally concluded, to make a voyage to Crete and Syria. The English and French Consuls-General are invited to accompany him. Each of them will have a frigate at his disposal. The country and commerce have suffered dreadfully by the burthens attendant on the state of war. The people are oppressed with taxes and contributions of all kinds, and trade is in the most deplorable condition; want of hands and of confidence, and many other circumstances, render the people extremely miserable.

There is a species of apple in Norway, called the glass or transparent apple, which is so delicate, that its daily progress of ripening is obliged to be watched, as it only remains in perfection twelve hours.

LITERARY CABINET,
AND WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH.

EDITED BY THOMAS GREGG.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, SEPTEMBER 28, 1833.

☞The date on our first page should be the 28th, instead of the 14th of September; though the latter is the date at which this No. was due. We shall endeavor to overtake time again, in a few weeks.

OBITUARY.—We omitted in our last to notice the death of the amiable and talented individual, who is the subject of the following article. He was suddenly carried off from among us, ere he had attained the meridian of life, and before Time had written his image upon his brow. As a laborer in the field of Western Literature, and as a son of genius, of whom high hopes had been entertained, as one destined to become a bright star in the constellation of American Poets, his untimely death will be deeply mourned; but it is to the immediate circle of his friends—his associates and confidants in life, that his loss will be irreparably felt.

HARVEY D. LITTLE, Esq.—It has become our painful duty to record the death of our valued correspondent and esteemed friend, Harvey D. Little. He died at Columbus, of Cholera, on the 22nd inst., in the 31st year of his age, leaving a wife and one child, having lost two of his children by the same disease, but a few days before. Mr. Little was one of the most chaste of western writers, and one of the most amiable of men. His "Dea l Father," "Hills of Judah," and "Palmyra," have been as extensively circulated by the periodical press, as almost any other productions of the American muse. It is not many days since we felt the warm pressure of his friendly hand, and left him, "fresh lipp'd, and iron nerved, and high of heart," indulging in the brightest anticipations of future usefulness and happiness. He is now, we hope,—and we quote his own beautiful language,—

"At rest in that far, bright home of bliss,
Which is free from the cares that embitter this.

We shall endeavor early in our next volume, to give a brief biographical notice of Mr. Little, accompanied with two or three of his most beautiful poems.—*Cincinnati Mirror.*

A PHILANTHROPIST GONE.—Recent English papers mention the demise of the venerable William Wilberforce, in the 74th year of his age. A London paper says his is a name 'with which there is probably associated more of love and veneration, than ever fell to the lot of any single individual throughout the civilized globe.'

AMERICAN AUTHORS.—The August number of the American Quarterly Register contains a list of American Authors, amounting to four hundred and ninety six. Attached to each is the date of their births and deaths, residence, and the character of their writings.

MANUAL LABOR SCHOOL.—At the New Hampshire Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held at Lyndon, in August last, it was resolved to establish a seminary upon the manual labor system.

GREENBANK'S PERIODICAL LIBRARY.—We have before us the first volume of this deservedly popular periodical, containing 13 Nos. of 48 pages each The annual amount of matter will be four volumes of 634 large octavo pages each.

The work consists of reprints of foreign books of approved character; and the judgment displayed by the editor in his selections evinces a good taste and a knowledge of the wants of the community. The following works are comprised in volume first:

Life and Trials of Henry Pestolozzi; with copious extracts from his works, illustrative of his plan of education, by E. Biber.—History of Peter the Great, with a preliminary sketch of the History and Statistics of Russia, by Count Segur.—Notes of a Journey through France and Italy, by William Hazlitt.—The last Essays of Elia, by Charles Lamb.—The Wounded Spirit; A Tale of Life, by D. M. Moir.—The Life of Carl Theodor Korner, the German Warrior Poet, by his Father.—The Poems of Korner.—The Tales of Korner.—Tours in Upper India and the Himmalaya Mountains, by Major Archer.—The Game of Life, by Leitch Ritchie.—The Young Poet; A Fragment of Autobiography: From Tales of Field and Flood, by John Malcolm.—Helen Waters, from do.—The Brothers, from do. The Rivals, by the author of Recollections of the Peninsula.—Anecdotes of Painters.

*** Subscriptions to the 'Library' will be received at this office, where the work may be seen. Terms, Five Dollars per annum, in advance.

FAMILY LYCEUM.—The very best family paper of which we have any knowledge, and the one which we can most freely recommend as a fit companion for every member of every family, is the Family Lyceum, of Boston, conducted by JOSIAH HOLBROOK. We have received, in exchange, one entire volume, ending August tenth, of the present year. It is strictly a scientific paper;—it treats of every department of science, illustrating the principles by a variety of wood cuts, of which there are upwards of an hundred in the volume.

☞Price, two dollars per annum in advance.

CINCINNATI MIRROR.—The last No., just received, closes the second volume of this paper. In next month it will commence its 3d volume, 'enlarged, improved, and published weekly,'—under the editorial direction of WM. D. GALLAGHER, its former editor, and THOMAS H. SHREVE.

NEW PAPER.—A new daily is about to be commenced in New York, by Mordecai M. Noah and Thomas Gill, with the cognomen of the 'Evening Star.'

PROSPECTUS FOR THE

Ladies' Magazine & Literary Gazette.

Edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.

Again we have the pleasant privilege of expressing our cordial thanks to the patrons of the LADIES' MAGAZINE. By their kind and steady support it has been sustained *five years.*

The progress of society demands that even amusements shall have an air of utility. Periodicals, therefore, must have some design better and more enduring than the gratification of idle fancy, to deserve the continued support of our active and intelligent community.

We take this opportunity to reiterate that the purpose of our Magazine is the moral and mental improvement of woman. We devote it to the object of inculcating all feminine duties and accomplishments, corresponding with the tone of sentiment and feeling which should characterize the *American lady.* To aid us in the performance of this high and arduous design we have the assistance of our best female writers. We thus afford an opportunity for the cultivation of female genius, as well as an example of its beneficial influence.

In addition to the usual variety of subjects heretofore introduced, we intend giving giving during the ensuing year, a view of the *science of Phrenology*, in its connection with education with education, as taught by Dr. Spurzheim in his lectures and books. His system of education has been cordially approved and recommended by many of our distinguished citizens, and its novelty must render it agreeable to our readers. In addition to the usual plates, the publishers intend during the year introducing occasionally Illustrations of Phrenology. The January number will contain two plates, the Fashions, and Drawings of the Human Head. In fine, the editor and publishers, confident that they shall make the Ladies' Magazine worthy of an extended circulation, solicit in its behalf the good offices of the friends of education, literature, morality and national sentiment.

I. The work is issued in numbers, on the fifteenth of every month, containing forty-eight octavo pages, printed on fine paper, with new type, and carefully stitched in colored and ornamental covers.

II. Six plates, either engravings or lithography, the best our American artists can furnish, will be given during the year.

III. The subscription price is three dollars per annum, payable on delivery of the third number; twenty-five per cent will be added to all subscriptions remaining unpaid till the end of the year.

Selected Poetry.

THE SILLER PEN.

By Miss Hannah F. Gould.

I tell you what! twixt frien' an frien',
I dinna like the siller pen.
An', sin' my reason ye wad ken,
Tho' odd enough, I'll gie it.
It is too perfect—ilka part
It does, is wi' sic care an art,
There's nae a particle o' heart
Or feelin' gaungin wi' it!

'Tis nae the siller I despise;
For poortith loud an' daily cries;
An', if I had but mair supplies,
I'd then feel a' the better.
But tho' 'twad truly glad my een
To see its bright an' cheerfu' sheen,
My purse's hollow sides between,
Ise shun it in the letter!

I wad na see the new born thought,
Laid on the sheet, see stiff an' straught,
As if 'twere dead, an' cauld, an' brought
Before me for interment.
I like the gracefu', yieldin nib,
To gang sae careless an' sae glib,
An' shoot my fancies, like a squib,
Just while they're in the ferment!

An,' whiles (ye 've, aiblins, felt the pain,)
I wait upon the tardy brain
For something I can ne'er obtain,
An founder'd a' together;
I like, if I can do nae mair,
To hae the quill to scrape an' pare,
An' find the faut o' dullness there,
In honest goosie's feather.

For nature's laws maun be obey'd,
An' this is ane she strictly laid
On ilka saul she ever made,
Down frae our earliest mither:
'Be sel your first an' greatest care—
Frae a' reproach the darlin spare,
An' ony blame, that she should bear,
Pit off upon anither!'

Had nature ta'en a second thought,
A better precept she had taught;
An' guid instead o' evil wrought
By those the power possessin!
Fur' sel had been pit out o' sight,
The love o' ithers brought to light:
In short, the wrang had n' been right,
A ' man to man a blessin!

From the National Journal.

EMBLEM OF LIFE.

The Moon o'er the Mountain
Is shining afar:
Her path, like a fountain,
Flows lovely and clear;
The sky is unclouded,
Not a shadow is sailing
Where the Moon walks unshrouded,
Her beauty revealing

See—the clouds gather round her—
The lightning is flashing;
Loud roars the hoarse thunder—
The wild storm is dashing;
Oh, a moment has banish'd
The beautiful scene!
Like a dream it has vanished,
The storm-clouds between.

Thus Life in its morning,
Of May, is serene;
Hope's sweet smiles adorning,
In softness are seen,
And the glass that we look through
Is clear and unstained,
And the scenes that we look to,
Young Fancy has train'd.

Joy dances before us;
Not a cloud intervenes;
A blue sky is o'er us,
Hope flashes our veins.
But the dream is soon over,
Like the scene which has faded;
Realities hover,
The picture is shaded.

The storm whirls each feature
Of splendor away,
But the Moon o'er glad Nature,
Will again cast her ray.
But when reason has blighted
Young fancy's bright bloom,
The path she once lighted,
She can never relume.

Miscellany.

Burning reflectors of Archimedes.—The story of Archimedes firing the Roman ships by means of reflectors, has been discredited by some persons. But modern experiments and especially a similar contrivance of Count Buffon, seems to give it much probability. Buffon's instrument consisted of 168 small pieces of looking glass, each one of which was moveable by a screw, so that all of them could be made to act in concert, and to concentrate the rays of the sun on any distant point. With the faint rays of a March sun, he succeeded in setting on fire boards of beech wood one hundred and fifty feet distant, and in one instance, much farther. He likewise melted tin and lead at the distance of one hundred and twenty feet, and silver at fifty. The reflectors of Archimedes are supposed to have been made of highly polished metal, which was formerly in use for mirrors. With these he is said to have fired the Roman fleet at the distance of a bow shot.

An example for modern Reviewers.—Philoxemes, a poet had been a favorite at the court of Dionysius, but was imprisoned for some offence. The king was fond of writing verses, and gave our critic to understand that if he would flatter his majesty's rhyme, he should be released. This, Philoxemes refused to do. Some time after, the royal poet produced a favorite piece of composition which he recited at a feast to which the philosopher was summoned. The courtiers were loud in their applause and Philoxemes was asked his opinion. Disdaining to purchase the tyrant's favor by falsehood, he turned immediately to his guards, exclaiming, "Take me back to my prison." We are told that this becoming firmness and candor restored the critic to favor. Query, how many of our puffing editors have a title of his integrity and independence.

Inconveniences suffered by the inhabitatnts of the moon.—The moon according to La Place, has no atmosphere, or one so exceedingly rare that no terrestrial animal could breathe in it. The spots on its surface prove that the same hemisphere is always presented to us, from which it is inferred that the inhabitants of one half the moon never see our earth, and those of the other half never see the sun.

Quantity of water which falls in rain and dew.—It was calculated by Dalton that the quantity of water which falls every year in rain and dew, in England and Wales is, 115, 000 millions of tuns. About one third of this is carried off by rivers, and the remainder goes to water the soil.

The Greek Fire.—The Greek fire was discovered in the seventh century by Callinicus a Greek engineer, and was lost from that time to the reign of Louis fifteenth of France. It was then discovered anew by Dupre. This terrible fire has also been prepared by Sir Humphrey Davy. Thenard composed it of charcoal, iron, and calcined potash. By the reunion of the iron and potash, a hydrate of potash is produced. The result is a black mass, very inflammable and kindles as soon as wet. The historians of the early Turkish wars are eloquent in describing the dismay and ruin produced among the Christian crusaders, when the Turks cast this terrible fire into their fleet. Louis the beloved refused to avail himself of this terrific element.

Flint's Lectures.

The Panther—Felis *pardus.*—A party of hunters in the morning missed one of their dogs from the encampment, and after a fruitless search were proceeding on their route when one of the other dogs obtaining a scent discovered to the hunters, dead beneath a tree the dog which had strayed, together with a deer and a wolf, in the same condition. It appeared, that the panther having killed a deer, and eat his fill, got into a tree to watch the remainder, and had, in his own defence, successively fallen upon the wolf and the dog as intruders on his provision.—*Nuttel's travels in Arkansas.*

Mechanics.—There is a strange dislike to the name of mechanic in this country, as well as elsewhere; it would almost seem a disgrace to be an industrious or careful man. Each parent thinks his child superior in intellectual capacity, and capable of filling any station, whatever his ability to qualify him therefor. Hence, we every where meet with professional men, who would doubtless make most excellent mechanics, but unfit for a profession, they remain all their lives in obscurity and poverty. Why is this—have not the world yet learned to judge of men by their actions, and not by the business they pursue? Look through the pages of history; whose names are the brightest—who have been the benefactors of mankind? Why do we so often find men of sound judgment in all things else, yielding to the dictates of pride and prejudice, and preferring that their children should grow up in idleness, rather than give them such an occupation as would enable them to become useful to themselves, and to others.—*Beaver Republican.*

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